

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

Vol. I.

CINCINNATI, MAY 29, 1824.

No. 22.

REVIEW.

The art of invigorating and prolonging life, by food, clothes, air, exercise, wine, sleep, &c. and Peptic Precepts, pointing out agreeable and effectual methods to prevent and relieve indigestion, and to regulate and strengthen the action of the stomach and bowels. Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re. To which is added the pleasure of making a will. Finis coronat opus.—By the author of "The Cook's Oracle," &c. from the third London Edition. Lexington, Ky. Printed by W. W. Worsey. 1823.

A majority of mankind adopt a course of conduct in respect to their health, similar to that pursued by them in their religious concerns. Of both they speak, as though they were of the utmost possible importance, and act as if they were of no consequence whatever. Both are acknowledged to be necessary to our happiness and both neglected for the most trifling temporary gratification.

By the laws of Moses, equal attention was required to spiritual and bodily health, and we doubt the policy of such disrespect to that portion of them which relates to the latter, as obtains at present. Nothing appears to be so far removed from the controul of all laws, civil or religious—of honour or of prudence,—as the care of our health, which seems to be considered so peculiarly and exclusively our individual property, that we feel at liberty to use or abuse it at pleasure—as though none of the duties we owe to our families and to society were connected with it. This would not be so unreasonable if every one suffered, in his own person, all the evils that arise from carelessness and inattention to health; but this is so far from being the case, that a man by intemperance, and imprudent indulgence in acknowledged follies, of the consequences of which he is well aware, often commits greater offences against society, and is the cause of more evil and unhappiness to those whose welfare is under his peculiar care, than a majority of those offenders who for their crimes are sentenced to the penitentiary. By intemperance we do not refer merely to drunkenness; this is now universally detestable and infamous,—when committed by a poor man and with cheap liquor,—and we trust it is becoming so, even

in those who get drunk genteelly, and under the pretext of hospitality endeavor to induce others to do likewise. It is the intemperance which consists in gratifying our appetites without any consideration of consequences, (if they be not immediate, and perceptible to the company present) that we ought to be more particularly guarded against, because it is under less external restraint than any other imprudence.

In most cases where any thing has been by the general custom of society, removed from the jurisdiction of the laws of religion, some substitute for these laws has been adopted; either the laws of honour, of politeness, or of the legislature: but with respect to health, it seems to be protected by no law, and is suffered to bear all the evils of the misrule of our appetites and passions.

We have more popular and cheap works on every subject of morals, & of every thing connected with either our temporal or spiritual welfare, than on that of health; and we therefore consider this work, which is both popular and cheap, as a very useful contribution to this department of our literature:—we should have been still better pleased with it, had it been revised and adapted more particularly to the manners and habits of this country, as there are some things in it quite inapplicable to the present state of our society;—for instance—in the recommendation of early rising, fixing on 8 o'clock as an early hour:—we doubt whether many families can be found in the western country, in which that would not be considered a late hour; and rising at that period a mark of unpardonable sluggishness rather than of commendable industry. Most of the maxims, however, in the work, are judicious and applicable in all countries. The following with which the book commences are (including the motto) worthy of attention.

"The choice and measure of the materials of which our Body is composed, and what we take daily by *Pounds*, is at least of as much importance as what we take seldom, and only by *Grains* and *Spoonfuls*."—*Dr. Arbuthnot on Aliment*, pref. p. iii.

"The editor of the following pages had originally, an extremely delicate constitution;—and at an early period devoted himself to the study of physic, with a hope—

of learning how to make the most of his small stock of health.

"The system he adopted, succeeded, and he is arrived at his forty-third year, in tolerable good health; and this without any uncomfortable abstinence:—his maxim has ever been, *dum Vivimus Vivamus*."

"He does not mean the *Aguish* existence of the votary of Fashion—whose body is burning from voluptuous intemperance to-day, and freezing in miserable collapse to-morrow—not extravagantly consuming in a day, the animal spirits which Nature intended for the animation of a week—but keeping the expense of the machinery of life within the income of health,—which the constitution can regularly and comfortably supply.

"This is the grand *arcanum duplicatum* for 'Living all the days of your life.'

"The art of invigorating the Health, and improving the strength of man, has hitherto only been considered for the purpose of training him for athletic exercises—but I have often thought that a similar plan might be adopted with considerable advantage, to animate and strengthen enfeebled constitutions—prevent gout—reduce corpulency—cure nervous and chronic weakness—hypochondriac and bilious disorders, &c.—to increase the enjoyment and prolong the duration of feeble life—for which *Medicine*, unassisted by *Diet* and *Regimen*,—affords but very trifling and temporary help.

"Experience has so long proved the actual importance of *TRAINING*—that pugilists will not willingly engage without such preparation.

"The principal rules for which are,—to go to bed early—to rise early—to take as much *Exercise* as you can in the open air, without fatigue—to eat and drink moderately of plain nourishing food—and especially—to keep the mind diverted, and in as easy and cheerful a state as possible.

"Somewhat such a system is followed at the fashionable watering places—and great would be the improvement of health that would result from it,—if it was not continually counteracted, by visits to the Ball Room and the Card Table.

"A residence in the country will avail little, if you carry with you there, the irregular habits, and late hours of fashionable life.

"Do not expect much benefit from mere change of air—the purest breezes of the country will produce very little effect, unless accompanied by plenty of regular exercise—temperance—and above all, tranquillity of mind."

On the subject of fire, some advice is given which may be useful, particularly to those who regulate their fires by the time of the year, instead of the state of the weather; a course of proceeding by no means uncommon.

The chapter on exercise is short, but there are very few among us who need to be reminded of the propriety of attending to this subject, necessity being a powerful preceptor, and at present possessed of sufficient authority over us. A much longer chapter follows upon wine, which some years hence, when the vineyards that are constantly increasing in number all around us, shall furnish a substitute for what a certain French traveller informs his readers is the only kind of wine used by the Americans, viz: a most execrable wine called whiskey,—will probably be more important to us than at present.

On the subject of sleep the author remarks:

"Health may be as much injured by interrupted and insufficient sleep, as by luxurious indulgence.

"Valetudinarians who regularly retire to rest, and arise at certain hours, are unable, without injurious violence to their feelings, to resist the inclination to do so.

"How important it is then, to cultivate good and convenient habits: Custom will soon render the rigid rules, not only easy, but agreeable."

The chapter on "clothes" we fear will be but little regarded, since it is dictated by common sense instead of fashion, and every one knows the superior influence of the latter—every one also regrets it, wonders at the folly which continues it, and lends his aid in its support.

The chapter entitled "Peptic precepts," is the last and much the longest, and if properly attended to, will, in a very short time enable any one to save in the article of medicine, much more than the cost of the book, viz: 37½ cents—we therefore recommend the purchase of it as a safe speculation, and the reading of it as a profitable source of amusement. Z.

HISTORY.

CLIO, No. IV.

Ancient History of North America.—Biography of the AMERICAN SOLOMON.

THE Biography of eminent monarchs, heroes, legislators, and philosophers, has always been an important department of history. It would be my wish to rescue from oblivion, all the eminent Americans

of ancient times, whose names and deeds are scattered in the fugitive annals of the American nations, and in whose lives we may find new sources of instruction, admiration and entertainment. As an example of my plan and view, I now select one of the most illustrious individuals of North American history who united in the highest degree the above mentioned titles, since he was a wise King, a great warrior, an enlightened lawgiver and an eminent philosopher. I shall bestow upon him the title of the AMERICAN SOLOMON, which he really deserves: and give an abridged notice of his life, character and deeds.

NAZAHUAL.

Was the tenth king of Tezcuco, or the Acolhuans, in the region of Anahuac, which we call sometimes Mexico. He was the son of Ixtli, the sixth king of Tezcuco, who had been dethroned and killed by Tezomoc king of the Tepanecas in 1410.

Nazahual was then 20 years old; and being compelled to take refuge in the mountains, until the death of Tezomoc in 1442: he was taught wisdom by adversity. Tezomoc, a monster of cruelty and ambition, who had become Emperor of all Anahuac by treachery and conquest, was succeeded by his son Tejatzin, who was murdered in 1423 by his brother Maxtlaton, another tyrant, against whom Nazahual rose in arms, and being joined by the Mexicans, Tlascalans, &c. he succeeded after three years, in destroying him and reconquering his father's dominions. (1) He was crowned in 1426, and had a long happy reign of 44 years, one of the most glorious and peaceful in Mexican history; he was during that long period in close alliance with the Mexicans, and was merely involved in a short war with Chalco in 1437. He rendered his capital Tezcuco, one of the finest and most flourishing cities in Anahuac. It became the Athens of the Mexican nations, the nursery of arts and the centre of cultivation. The Mexican language was spoken there with the greatest purity. Artists, poets, orators and historians abounded there in his life time and afterwards.

Nazahual was not only a great hero and sage, but an astronomer, naturalist and poet. The progress which he made in the arts and sciences were such as may be expected from a great genius, who has but few books to study, or masters to instruct him. Nothing gave him so much delight as the study of nature: he applied himself to the knowledge of the stars, animals and plants; he caused paintings to be made of all those of Anahuac. He established Academies and Colleges of Astronomy, History, Poetry, Music, Painting, &c.

This American Solomon, exceeded the Asiatic Solomon in many things: since he was a great reformer and legislator, and completed the civilization of the Acolhuan

nation. He established four great tribunals, called the Civil, Criminal, Financial and Military tribunals. He published a code of 80 laws, which are worthy of praise. He went about in disguise to know whether they were properly executed; and he was so strictly just, that he allowed 4 of his sons to be put to death, who had violated the laws and committed crimes. Yet his clemency and benevolence were acknowledged by all.

His enquiries into the causes and effects of natural phenomena, led him to discover the weakness of Idolatry and the Mexican Worship. He became a Deist and acknowledged no other God than the creator of Heaven. He taught this doctrine to his sons and successors, but attempted in vain to inculcate it among his people. He abolished human sacrifices, but was compelled by the priests to permit sometimes the sacrifice of prisoners. He erected a high tower of nine stories for his own worship, which he dedicated to the only God, or the Creator of Heaven.

He excelled in the poetry of his nation; he composed 60 hymns in honor of the Creator of Heaven, besides many odes, &c. His hymns and odes were highly esteemed; they became celebrated even among the Spaniards after the conquest of Mexico, and they have been translated into Spanish.

Tezcuco was embellished by him, with new buildings, palaces, gardens, schools, temples, &c. All the arts and sciences flourished there under him and his successors. (2)

He had many wives, but only one Queen, the daughter of the king of Tacuba. He died in 1470 at the age of 80, after having chosen and appointed his son Nazahualpilli for his successor, who followed the worthy steps of his father, and had a happy reign of 46 years. (3)

Such was the life of the great Nazahual I, the best, wisest and most glorious king of the Acolhuans: who although setting on a throne, did not disdain to cultivate and improve Religion, Philosophy, the Sciences, Arts and Literature. Who was virtuous, just, generous, pious, enlightened and prudent: happy and worthy model of a truly great kind, and wise legislator.

C. S. RAFINESQUE.

(1) The kingdom of Tezcuco was 200 miles long and 60 broad, it contained nearly two millions of inhabitants. It was also called the kingdom of Acolhuan; but Tezcuco the metropolis gave generally its name to it. Many other large towns were included in that kingdom. It was quite independent of Mexico.

(2) The town of Tezcuco was on the west side of the Lake of Tezcuco or Mexico, and the most splendid if not the largest town, in Anahuac after Mexico.

(3) Nazahualpilli or Nezahual II, was thus called to distinguish him from his father, who was also called Nazahual-cojoth, or the Fox; the fox being the emblem of wisdom among the Mexicans.

SELECTIONS.

Tittup, the Civilian.

Mr. William Tittup was born, it is supposed—for he carefully conceals the date,—somewhere between the years 1776 and 1780. He was an only son: there I pity him, for I sincerely believe it was no fault of his. That circumstance qualified him to take a part in a trio of dementation; inasmuch as, according to an English adage, a man, his wife, and one child, are three fools. His parents, determining not to fly in the face of the proverb, educated him at home. Mr. George Tittup, his father, had been formerly a Blackwell-hall factor in Aldermanbury, and at one period thought himself a rich man. Meeting, however, with a knavish partner, who had drawn or accepted—I never could ascertain which—certain bills of exchange in the name of the firm, without the cognizance of his senior partner, the latter took fright, dissolved partnership, and, as he expressed it, “backed out of the concern” with about ten thousand pounds. Having snatched this brand out of the fire, Mr. Tittup, like the pious Æneas, walked off with his wife and his little Ascanius to Twickenham, a village on the banks of the Thames, where he took the lease of a house in Montpelier-row. When little Billy, as the son was always called, notwithstanding his increase of stature, had attained his ninth year, Mr. John Austin, his maternal uncle, a thriving salesman in Houndsditch, suggested to the parents that it was high time that Bill should be sent to some public school, adding a benevolent hint that he would not mind being at half the expense. The proposition was naturally referred by the father to the mother. “I wish my brother would mind his own business,” exclaimed the grateful and prudent mamma, “and not interfere with our plans about William.”—“Our plans, my dear!” said Mr. Tittup: “I was not aware that we had any.”—“Oh yes, we have: at least I have.”—“May I enquire what they are?”—“That he shall be educated at home: it is decidedly the best arrangement for a youth of Billy’s expectations.” Mr. Tittup slightly wrinkled his forehead at the word “expectations,” but it passed off, and his wife continued—“Only look at my brother’s eldest boy Tom; he’s at Eton: did you ever see such a savage? Never well dressed; and so excessively rude! The last time he was here, he knocked his trap-ball over our garden wall into Mrs. Simms’ summer-house; and when that lady brought it back in her own muff, neatly wrapped in a sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, he merely said ‘Thank ye,’ and never thought of making a bow! So much for Eton! That comes of public education!”—William Tittup was educated at home.

It would be disingenuous if I were to omit to mention one advantage derived by the youth from his apron-string tether—an advantage which he never could have obtained at Eton or Harrow. Nothing came to his mother from the Richmond circulating library without his perusal. Before he was thirteen, he had read Lady Julia Mandeville, the apology for the Life of George Anne Bellamy, Buchan’s Family Medicine, Haley’s Essay on Old Maids, and Mrs. Gunning’s Appeal to the Public against the General her Husband. At fourteen he had mastered the Secret History of the Green-Room, Anthony Pasquin’s Life of the then late Earl of Barrymore, the Quarrel between Anne Yearsley the Bristol Milkwoman and Hannah More.

The same battery of argument, which had knocked down every idea of sending her son to school, was now played off by Mrs. Tittup against establishing him in any trade or profession. Her great objection to the Law was the necessity of travelling the circuits. “You may remember my dear,” addressing her husband, “when you had that cause to try with Sir Timothy Take-in, at Maidstone, about the sorrel mare. Mr. Serjeant Doze, who then led the circuit, was positively obliged to put up with a paltry sitting-room and bed-chamber over a crockery ware-shop, without any private entrance; his clerk’s office was the Sergeant’s bed-room; and as we went up-stairs to the consultation, you may recollect I actually saw seven briefs lying upon the counterpane. Thank Heaven, our Billy is not reduced to that!” A French war as rapidly disposed of the Army and Navy. “In short, my dear,” concluded Mr. Tittup, “You mean Billy to be a gentleman.”—“Certainly,” added his wife: “and why not? Will he not have the family estate when you and I are dead and gone?”—William Tittup was of course, a gentleman.

Fraught with the accomplishments above enumerated, with the addition of such French as the usher at Kingston Academy could afford to instil into him on half-holidays, provided it did not rain, William Tittup commenced *doing the civil* among the old ladies in the Row. At their whist-parties he snuffed the candles and threw on the coals; he handed round the tea-cups, and ran across the room like a lamp-lighter to carry back the vacant china; if he had occasion to drive away the sleeping cat from the hearth-rug, in order to get at the hot water, he regularly reinstated the dappled animal when that ceremony was over.

Years drawled on in this unprofitable kind of hand work, during which the Civilian seldom extended his visits beyond the Row. He once indeed, made an attempt to ascertain the flavour of the Souchong in maid-of-Honour Row, on Richmond-green: but the wind, as he crossed the bridge

homeward, gave him a swelled face, and his mamma again drew in her tape tether, so as to confine her young donkey to his previous pasture. A retired Blackwell-hall factor can never stand the country long: Old Tittup had not amused himself many years in gazing at Mr. Cambridge’s tall trees in front of his mansion, before he sickened and died: his widow was too dutiful to continue his relict long; and Tittup the Civilian, the lease being expired, quitted the vicinage of the tall trees aforesaid to enter “the forest of chimneys,” in the great metropolis. On looking into his pecuniary affairs, he found that his property did not quite ascend to four hundred pounds per annum. “Something must be done,” sighed he to himself. The god Apollo, when similarly circumstanced, according to O’Hara, exclaimed, “A lucky thought—turn shepherd!” So ejaculated Tittup: that is to say, he resolved to be a swain—an adorer of the ladies. “I’ll make my fortune my marriage,” said the young man as he posted forth from his new lodgings in Bury-street, St. James’s, to order a new suit of cloathes. His *ci-devant* bustling attention was straightway converted into an air of romantic tenderness when he addressed a woman, especially if he believed her to have any dealings in Thread-needle-street: he cast lavender-water upon his cambric handkerchief, and he took to singing, “When you tell me your heart is another’s:” occasionally, too, he howled forth his sufferings through the aperture of a German-flute. Yet still, somehow, it did not do. With all his attentions, the women endured rather than admired him: he made fifteen offers of marriage which were rejected in favour of fifteen other men, who paid the sex no attention at all. How was this to be accounted for? His cousin Tom Austin let him one day into the secret. “William,” said the latter during a friendly *tête-à-tête*, “I see what your plan is: take my word; come, you want to marry a woman of fortune: you have not a single requisite for that object.”—“You flatter.”—“By no means: you are all wrong, and I’ll tell you why.”—“I am all attention.”—“Why, in the first place, I would advise you totally to discard your present manners, and trust to nature for a new set. You are very well if you would but leave yourself alone. When there is nobody but myself and my mother present, I have known you to be natural and rather agreeable; but no sooner does any other woman make her appearance, than you are all in a screw: every limb is disjoined: you lip and you smile; and you put on such a look of wonder about nothing at all, that you really worry every body to death.”—“Have you done?”—“Almost, but not quite. Last Monday se’night, at The Grange, you were at your old tricks, never leaving women a moment to themselves. After breakfast Jack Talbot, Smith-

ers, Jellicoe, and myself, took ourselves to our own several pursuits. One went to look after his gun, another adjourned to the library, and so forth: but what did you do?"—"I really don't recollect."—"No! why, then, I'll refresh your memory. There sat you from ten o'clock to four, in the breakfast-room, with your two hands stuck up, like a double culprit at the Old Bailey; and your thumbs starting off at right angles, helping Nancy Meadows to wind silk upon a card. What was the consequence? You sat down to dinner at six, without a fresh idea in your head—with body and mind equally unrefreshed by exercise. The great secret of attracting women, William, or of attracting any body, is to shew that you can do without them. Doctor Baillie's dictum for the welfare of the stomach is, Leave off dinner with an appetite. Never lean upon the world. Take my word for it, if you do, the world will jump aside and you will get a tumble. We had a trick at Eton—"—"Ay, you had a great many sad tricks at Eton! Thank Heaven, I was brought up at home!"—"We had a trick at Eton, I tell you, which will exemplify what I am saying. A fellow would lay his hand flat upon the desk, palm downward, and then say to another fellow, 'Now, dig your knuckles into the back of my hand as hard as you can, you cannot hurt me.' Well, the other fellow would do so: upon which the first fellow, after crying, 'Lean harder, harder!' would suddenly draw away his hand, and bounce would come the knuckles of the second fellow upon the hard desk. That, William, is precisely your predicament."

This advice was received as advice usually is. The Civilian, nothing daunted, sallied forth on the following day "to sow his dinner-seed," as he humorously (for the ninety-ninth time) called leaving his cards at the doors of his acquaintances. This seed is, for the most part, cast upon rock. Tittup upon these occasions is the source of frequent discord between husbands and wives. Not upon the score of jealousy: quite the reverse. "My dear," will the wife say in getting up a dinner-party, "we really must ask Mr. Tittup. We have had him to tea and turn-out till I am really ashamed!"—"Oh the devil, no!" is upon these occasions the pretty uniform answer of the husband. The result is, that our Civilian handles as many tea-spoons, and as few knives and forks, as any private gentleman within the bills of mortality.

It is thus that Tittup the Civilian has walked, smirking, cringing, and tea-drinking, through two-thirds of the probable extent of his existence. He is now rapidly thinning off; inasmuch, that the calf of his leg is hardly bigger than that of a tom-tit. Still the labourer is worthy of his hire: and if some woman with a fortune of £7500 or

at least £5000 does not soon walk with him into the Temple of Hymen, I must aver that Tittup the Civilian is an ill-used man. Should he die in his vocation, let a subscription forthwith issue for a statue to be erected to his memory in the centre of Cadogan-place, the chief scene of his Bohea beverages. Certain it is, that, in his calling, he has been to the full as industrious as Lord Erskine or Mr. Charles Grant.

New Monthly Mag.

JOHN DUNTON'S account of an excursion from Boston into the country, in the year 1686.

All things being ready for this Indian Ramble, I took my Fair-one up behind me, and rode to the river that parts Boston from Ipswich, which though it be often, and usually crossed in a Canoe, yet I rather chose to cross it in a Ferry, having my horse with me.

Having crossed the river, we mounted again, and rode on our way, meeting as we rambled along with two or three Indians, who courteously saluted us with "what cheer, *Netop?*" *Netop*, in the Indian language, signifies *Friend*. I returned their salutation, and passed on, not without observing that there is a vein of civility and courtesy runs in the blood of these wild Indians, both among themselves and towards strangers.

The first town we came to was Marvail, which consists only of a few scattered houses, orchards, and gardens, with good pastures and arable land. We here stayed for refreshment, and had the luck to see an Indian woman walking by the door with a child at her back, who, our landlord told us, had not been delivered above two days, so that the curse laid upon women, of "bringing forth children in sorrow," is mightily moderated to the Indian women; for they have a far more moderate labour, and a more speedy and easy delivery, than most of our European women; which, I believe, in a great measure is occasioned by the hardness of their constitution, and by their extraordinary labour in the field, as carrying mighty burdens, and beating their corn in a mortar &c. I was hugely amazed at this account of the Indian women; but our landlord stopped our wondering, by further telling us "that most of the Indian women count it a shame for a woman to complain when she is in labour, and many of them are scarcely heard to groan." It seems, it is a common thing among them, to have a woman merry in the house, and in half an hour's time delivered, and merry again, and within two days abroad (as we saw verified in this Indian woman), and after four or five days at work.

Having left Marvail behind us, we rambled on towards Wenham. When we came to Wenham (which is an inland town, well stored with men and cattle), we paid a visit

to Mr. Gery, the present minister of that place.

Wenham is a delicious paradise: it abounds with all rural pleasures, and I would chuse it above all other towns in America, to dwell in. The lofty trees on each side of it are a sufficient shelter from the winds; and the warm sun so kindly ripens both the fruits and flowers, as if the Spring, the Summer, and the Autumn, had agreed together to thrust Winter out of doors.

Mr. Gery gave us a noble dinner, and entertained us with such pleasant fruits as, I must own, Old England is a stranger to.

Taking leave of this generous Levite, we now thought it high time to prosecute our designed Ramble to Ipswich.

We took up our quarters at Mr. Steward's house (uncle to Mrs. Comfort.) His joy to see his niece at Ipswich was sufficiently expressed by the kind welcome we met with: our supper was a fat pig, and a bowl of punch, yet I had so great a desire to go to bed, as made it to me a troublesome piece of kindness.

Having reposed myself all night upon a bed of down, I rose early the next morning; and, having taken a view of Ipswich, I found it a good Haven-town. Their meeting-house (or Church) is built very beautifully. There is store of gardens about it, and good land for tillage.

Ipswich is a country town, not very large; and when a stranger arrives there, it is quickly known to every one. It is no wonder then, that the next day after our arrival, the news of it was carried to Mr. Hubbard, the minister of the town; who, hearing I had brought to Boston a great *Venture of Learning*, did me the honour to make me a visit, and afterwards kindly invited me (and my fellow-traveller) to his own house, where he was pleased to give us a very handsome entertainment. It is no easy matter to give a true character of Mr. Hubbard. The benefit of nature, and the fatigue of study, have equally contributed to his eminence; neither are we less obliged to both than himself, for he freely communicates of his Learning to all who have the happiness to share in his converse. In a word, he is learned without ostentation and vanity, and gives all his productions such a delicate turn and (as is seen in his printed Sermons and "History of the Indian Wars,") that the features and lineaments of the Child make a clear discovery and distinction of the Father; yet he is a man of singular modesty, of strict morals, and has done as much for the conversion of the Indians, as most men in New England.

Having answered Mr Hubbard some questions, I took my leave, and returned back with Mrs. Comfort to her uncle Steward's, with whom she stayed till I returned from Wonnasquam. I met an Indian woman, with her face all over blacked with soot, having

a very sorrowful look; and quickly after two or three Indian men, in the same black and mournful condition: that, had I been alone, it would have frightened me; but, having a guide with me, I was well enough; indeed they all passed us very civilly, saying only, "*Ascomquassumummis*," which is in English "Good morrow to you." My guide asked me, "if I had ever seen any of those black-faced Indians before?" I told him "No;" and asked him "what the meaning of it was?" He told me, "they had some relation lately dead, and that the blacking of their faces was equivalent to the Englishmen's going into mourning for their dead relations. Where there is any Indian dead," continued my Guide, "they express it by saying *He is in black*, (that is, he hath some dead in his house;) and some lay on the soot so very thick, that they clot it with their tears; and this blacking and lamenting they observe divers months, if the person dying be great and public."

After a long and difficult Ramble, we came at last to the Indian town called *Wonasquam*. It is a very sorry sort of a town, but better to come at by land than by water, for it is a dangerous place to sail by, especially in stormy weather. We saw several other mourning Indians in this town; and upon inquiry we found that one of the chief Indians in the town was lately dead, and was to be buried that night.

Having never seen an Indian Burial, I stayed till the solemnity was over, which was thus performed:—First, the gravest amongst them wound up, and prepared the dead body for the coffin. When the Mourners came to the grave, they laid the body by the grave's mouth, and then all the Indians sat down and lamented; and I observed tears to run down the cheeks of the oldest amongst them, as well as from the little children.—After the dead body was laid in the grave (and in some parts some of their goods are cast in the grave) they then made a second great lamentation. Upon the grave they spread the mat that the deceased died on, the dish he ate in, and two of the Indians hung a fair coat of skin upon the next tree to the grave, which (as my guide informed me) none will touch, but suffer it there to rot with the dead.

There was nothing else remarkable to be seen in the town; and therefore, as soon as the Indian was buried, I returned back with my guide to Ipswich; and having stayed some little time with my worthy friend Mr. Steward, myself and Mrs. Comfort took our leaves, and made the best of our way to Boston, where we arrived to the great satisfaction of my good landlord and his wife; Mrs. Comfort being no less pleased with the pleasure of her journey, than I with her good company.

ACCOUNT OF A NEW SECT IN INDIA.

I went (says a missionary) with two gentlemen from Futehghour, on the invitation of the principal persons of the Saud sect, to witness an assemblage of them, for the purpose of religious worship, in Ferrukabad. The meeting took place within the court-yard of a large house.—We were received with great attention, and chairs were placed for us in front of the hall. After some time, when the place was full of people, the worship commenced. It consisted solely in the chanting of a hymn, this being the only mode of public worship used by the Sauds. At subsequent periods I made particular inquiries, relative to the opinions and practices of this sect, and was frequently visited by Bhuwanee Dos, one of its leaders, who gave me the following account:

About 180 years ago, Beerbhan, a provincial of Dehli, received a miraculous communication from Ouda Dos, teaching him the particulars of the religion now professed by the Sauds. Ouda, at the same time, gave to Beerbhan marks by which he might know him on his re-appearance; namely, that whatever he foretold should happen; that no shadow should be cast from his figure; that he would tell him his thoughts; that he would be suspended between heaven and earth; that he would bring the dead to life. Bhuwanee Dos presented me with a copy of the Pot-hee, or religious book of the Sauds, written in a kind of verse; and he fully explained to me the leading points of their religion. They abhor and utterly reject all kinds of idolatry; and the Ganges is considered by them with no greater veneration than by Christians, although the converts are made chiefly, if not entirely, from among the Hindoos, whom they resemble in outward appearance. Their name for God is Stutgour; and Saud, the appellation of the sect, means—servant of God. They are Deists, and their form of worship is most simple. They resemble the Quakers, in their customs, in a remarkable degree. Ornaments and gay apparel of every kind are strictly prohibited; their dress is always white. They never make any obeisance. They will not take an oath, and are exempted in a court of justice; their asseveration, like that of the Quakers, being considered equivalent. They profess to abstain from all luxuries, such as tobacco, paun, opium and wine. They never have *nauches* or dancing. All attack on man or beast is forbidden; but, in self-defence, resistance is allowable. Industry is strongly enjoined. The Sauds, like the Quakers, take great care of their poor and infirm people. To receive assistance from persons who are not of the punt or tribe, would be reckoned disgraceful, and render the offender liable to excommunication. All parade of worship is forbidden. Secret prayer is recommended; alms should be unostentatious; and the due regulation

of the tongue is a principal duty. The chief seats of the Sauds are Dehli, Agra, Jypour, and Ferrukabad. An annual meeting takes place at one or other of these cities. They are an orderly and well-conducted people; they are chiefly engaged in trade. Bhuwanee Dos was anxious to become acquainted with the Christian religion, and I gave him some copies of the New Testament in Persian and Hindoostanee. These he communicated to his friends, and he expressed his approbation of their interesting contents.

Mental Infirmity.—About fifty years ago, the Magistrates of Antwerp, moved with compassion for numbers of persons disordered in their minds, shut up together and (like criminals) bereft of the common blessings of free air and locomotion, permitted their removal to the village of Gheel, where they were distributed among humble families of the best character; allowing ample compensation for those troublesome, yet pitiable inmates. The patients had free scope for exercise; at least their guardians did not suffer them to perceive the superintendence, which was at all times ready to interpose, when restraint was thought necessary. Wholesome diet, pure fresh air, and active amusement, joined to the sedative, yet cheering influence of apparent liberty, produced the happiest effects. Some persons were restored to reason in less than twelve months, and others in the course of a few years. These facts possess the deepest interest; and we feel it a duty to make it known to our readers, as from them it may be reasonably inferred, that many cases of intellectual deficiency or disorder are not so hopeless, as they have been hitherto supposed. Timely instruction can assuredly effect much in favour of young minds; and the experiment will at least afford to parents, the consolation of having done their utmost duty. Certain it is, that many eccentric men who have figured in literature, in science, and in the fine arts, if the advantages of laborious efforts to develop their powers had been denied to them, might have been lost to society, and have passed their lives in confinement. In some instances more than ordinary exertion may be demanded to draw the gems of intellect from superincumbent rubbish: but it must require zealous and patient perseverance, and a profound sense of humanity to cure this infirmity.

Curious Remarks of a Madman.—A person confined for insanity is said to have spoken in these terms:—We who are locked up here are called mad, only because our madness does not happen to agree with that of the rest of the world. Every body thinks his neighbor mad, if his pursuits are opposite to his own. His neighbor thinks the same of him: but these two kinds of mad-

ness do not interfere with each other. Now and then, there comes an eccentric man, who, taking a just view of things, considers almost every one as mad: him they catch and lock up here. That's my case.'

Canine Fidelity.—About the time of the last persecution of the Protestants in France, an officer of that persuasion was shut up in the dungeon at Vincennes. He wished much to have his dog admitted with him; it was a greyhound, which he had reared. This innocent request being refused, the dog, though turned out of the fortress, watched an opportunity on the following day, and re-entered within the innermost court. His master was confined in one of the lower cells, the window of which was near the ground, and the animal appeared at it and was recognized. He came to the bars and visited his unhappy master, whose relatives knew nothing of his fate, diurnally for four whole years, in spite of cold or wet. At length the officer was set at liberty, returned home, and died in a few months afterwards. The dog again returned to Vincennes, taking up its dwelling with an outer turnkey, and frequently going to the window, where it sat for hours gazing in vain for its master, until death terminated its career.

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1824.

MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

In a late number, we inserted for the information of our subscribers, a circular issued by the Medical Faculty of Transylvania University at Lexington; we have since met with the following advertisement, announcing the establishment of a Medical School at Nashville, Tennessee. With the gentlemen engaged in this enterprise, we have not the pleasure of an acquaintance; they are doubtless competent to the performance of their undertaking as teachers; and, consistently with the principles by which we profess to be governed, we take pleasure in making known their project to our readers.

We must, however, be allowed to entertain and express a doubt as to the benefit which society in this country, at this time, is likely to derive from the multiplication of medical schools.

We were anxious for the success of the Medical College established in this city, not from a supposition that the West required, or could sustain two schools of this kind; but because the attempt here, and at Lexington, were cotemporary, and it remained to be seen which would be triumphant.

A successful medical institution, must certainly be very advantageous to the place

where it is established; but for the general interest of society, it is desirable to have physicians and surgeons of the highest order, as well in their attainments as in native talents, and as the requisite advantages of instruction, can only be found in an institution, which in addition to able teachers, possesses the necessary scientific apparatus, &c., we are of opinion that at the present time, it would be better for the patronage of the west to be concentrated upon one central school, than to be dissipated in supporting projects that must necessarily be unsuccessful.

The question for the public is not what will be most advantageous to any particular town, but what will be most beneficial to medical science, to the sick and afflicted, and to those who have sons to educate for the Medical profession.

Medical Instruction in Tennessee.—Witnessing with appropriate solicitude the unsettled state of Medical science in our State, and anxious to exert every practicable means calculated to meliorate its character and extend its usefulness; an association has been formed for the purpose of establishing a course of medical instruction in the town of Nashville. The following gentleman have been assigned to the respective branches of the science, and pledge themselves to society, that no defect of assiduity or exertion, shall contribute to diminish the utility of their different courses.

The Institutes and Practice of Medicine will be taught by James Roane, M. D.

Anatomy and Surgery by James Overton, M. D.

Materia Medica and Botany by John O. Ewing, M. D.

Midwifery and Diseases of women and Children, by Boyd M'Nary, M. D.

Chemistry, by the Rev. Wm. Hume.

The Lectures upon the above branches, will commence on the 1st Monday of November next, and continue until the 1st week in March succeeding.

From the preparations already made and those to be provided anterior to the time of commencement, the gentlemen engaged in this enterprise are assured in the belief, that in point of real utility to the practitioner of Physic, the whole course will not be inferior to similar institutions in our country. To young gentlemen engaged in the study of Medicine in our state, this association is calculated to supply incalculable benefits; and it is from a persuasion that these advantages will be a necessary result of their united labours, that this association has derived its establishment.

A Concert will be given by the AFFOLLONIAN SOCIETY on Monday evening next, for the benefit of the Western Museum; an institution which has become so great a favorite with our fellow-citizens generally, that we trust they will take this opportunity of evincing their wishes for its success.

Literary AND Scientific Notices.

A new paper has been established in this city, entitled *The National Crisis*. It is printed weekly, on a Super Royal sheet. The typographical execution of the first number is creditable to the publisher; and the literary selections are also creditable to the taste of the editors. It being a political journal, and devoted to the support of Mr. Adams for the Presidency, we shall make no observations, at present, respecting the original articles.

A history of the state of New York is reported to have been commenced by J. V. N. Yates and J. W. Moulton, Esqrs. The former of those gentlemen is secretary of state, and has possession of most of the important public documents which relate to the History of that state from its settlement.

A new comedy entitled "Pride shall have a fall," has lately been performed in London, with unbounded success. It is the production of the Rev. George Croly.

New Works announced in London.

An Apology for Don Juan; cantos 1 and 2. Foolscep 8vo.

—Fragili quarens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido. Hor. Sat. 1. lib. 2.

Elements of Discourse and Criticism of True and False Reasoning, as Preparation for Private Inquiries and Ground-work for Public Speaking; for the use (principally) of Candidates for the Pulpit, the Bar, and the Senate. By S. T. Coleridge. Esq.

Letters to an Attorney's Clerk, containing Directions for his Studies and general Conduct. Designed and commenced by the late A. C. Buckland, author of *Letters on Early Rising*; and completed by W. H. Buckland.

Memoirs of the Life and writings of Mrs. Frances Sheridan, Mother of the late Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, and Author of "Sidney Biddulph," "Nonrjahad," and "The Discovery;" with Remarks upon a late Life of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan; Criticism and Selections from the Works of Mrs. Sheridan, and Biographical Anecdotes of her family and Contemporaries. By her Grand-daughter, Alicia Lefanu.

The History of the Roman Empire, from the accession of Augustus to the death of the Younger Antoninus; by William Haygarth, Esq. A. M.

One Hundred Original Songs. By Allan Cunningham.

A work on the Antiquity of the Doctrine of the Quakers respecting Inspiration, with a Brief Review of that Society, and a comparison between the Life and opinions of the Friends and those of Early Christians.

Specimens of the Early French Poets, with

Translations, and Biographical and critical Notices.

Original Letters, chiefly illustrative of English History; including numerous Royal Letters. Published from Autographs in the British Museum, and one or two other collections. By Henry Ellis, F. R. S. Sec. S. A.

Mr. White, Bow-street Reporter to the Morning Herald, has in the press, a selection of One Hundred of the most Humorous and Entertaining of the Reports which have appeared in the Morning Herald in the last three years. Illustrated by George Cruikshank.

The Rev. T. Boys is about to publish Sacred Tactics; an attempt to Develop and to Exhibit to the eye, by Tabular Arrangements, a General Rule of Composition prevailing in the Holy Scriptures.

Mr. Chatfield is about to publish, A Compendious View of the History of the Darker Ages.

A translation is expected immediately of the "Travels in Brazil, in the years 1817, 18, 19, and 20, undertaken at the command of his Majesty the King of Bavaria. By Dr. John Von Spix: and Dr. C. Von Martius, Members of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences."

Mr. Roscoe has completed his version of Sismondi's "History of the Literature of the South of Europe," by the publication of the 3d and 4th Volumes. Most of the poetical specimens have been rendered in English metre by the Editor, or his friends. The want, indeed, of some sketch of the History of European Literature has been felt by all who desired information, but were unwilling to wade through the voluminous productions from which alone that information could be gained.

The Memoirs of the celebrated Goethe, the admired author of "Faust," the "Sorrows of Werter," &c. are just ready for publication in London. Goethe has long received the appellation of the "Voltaire of Germany," and Lord Byron, in his dedication of Sardanapalus, styles him the first of the living writers, who has created the Literature of his own country, and illustrated that of Europe.

Norway.—M. Boye, a naturalist who chiefly studies ornithology, has published a narrative of a tour in Norway as far as Lofoden. At Seyerstad he could not induce a woman to accept any kind of payment for the dinner which he had just eaten. She led him to the window, and pointing to the surrounding country, said, "So long as the earth shall give us corn, and the sea fish, no traveller shall ever be able to say that we have taken money of him." In the isle of Tieta, where he landed wet through, in the middle of the night, the servants of M. Brodtkorb, the proprietor of the island, conducted him, without inquiring his name, into a well furnished room, where he passed

the night. The next morning he and his fellow travellers were invited to breakfast with the family. A few years ago, the proprietor of the isle of Porwig caused the rudder of a boat, which had brought some travellers to the island, to be secretly taken away, in order to compel them to remain at his house till a new one could be made.—The community of interests between the inhabitants, their retired situation, and the small number of travellers who visit them, afford an explanation of their manners, though without depriving them of their patriarchal and Homeric character.

Eggs and Potatoes.—The Scotch method of preserving eggs, by dipping them in boiling water, which destroys the living principle, is too well known to need farther notice. The preservation of potatoes, by similar treatment, is also a valuable discovery.—Large quantities may be cured at once, by putting them into a basket as large as the vessel containing the boiling water will admit, and then just dipping them a minute or two at the utmost. The germ, which is near to the skin, is thus "killed," without injuring the potatoe. In this way several tons might be cured in a few hours. They should then be dried in a warm oven, and laid up in sacks or casks, secure from the frost, in a dry place. Another method of preserving this valuable root is, first to peel them, then to grate them down to a pulp, which is put into coarse cloths, and the water squeezed out by putting them into a common press, by which means they are formed into flat cakes.

Summary.

There had arrived at Albany, (from the commencement of the season,) to the 10th May, 118 Canal boats, with freight as follows: 10,303 bbls. flour, 656 do. provisions, 3,247 do. ashes, 1,464 bushels wheat, 80 tons plaster, 51,173 gallons whiskey, 32,500 feet boards, 37 tons lard and butter, 98 barrels beer, 24 boxes starch, 10 cwt. hops, 26 casks cheese, 6 tierces timothy seed, 26 barrels hams, 180 bushels potatoes, 24 casks grass seed, 22 barrels cider, *Cleared*—49 boats, with 659 tons merchandize, besides sundries.

A Legitimate's reason.—The reason the King of Naples assigned for not putting down the horrid practice of private assassination in his kingdom is curious.—"At present, (said the monarch,) I lose five thousand of my subjects annually by assassination: if, therefore, I were to put to death every assassin, I should lose double that number."

Mrs. Wells, wife of the Boston gentleman who obtained the prize for the address at the New-Orleans Theatre, is the lady who obtained the Grecian Cross for the best poetic address, to be spoken at the opening of the Chatham Garden Theatre.

By late advices, received through pri-

vate channels, it appears that all the horrors of war are again likely to ensue in Spain. France is obliged to support a large army of occupation within the Spanish limits, and such is the miserable situation of the finances of the government she is assisting, that it is unable to meet the exigencies of the king's household, much less to remunerate its "Holy Ally." In this situation, embarrassed as France is in her own resources, the late movements of the ministers would seem to indicate a determination to *withdraw* the army. Should this take place, the result will be evident, that a fierce and sanguinary civil war will follow.

Correspondence.

Mr. FOOTE:—

Sir:—I have, as yet, been prevented the pleasure of writing an answer to Mr. Matthews' lecture on Concentric Spheres, by a press of more urgent calls. I have however, pondered answers for all the points the lecture embraces; but, it will cost me much labor to form them into a lecture as smooth and well worded as that of Mr. M's. After you had published Mr. M's lecture in your Gazette, it was struck off in pamphlet form, and just as the last sheet was going to press, Mr. M. added at the end a note, which note, it is desirable, should be made known to those readers of the lecture who see your paper, before my reply comes out.

The following is a copy of the note, the bracket, however, being now inserted for the sake of reference, viz:

"The observation on page 5th," [1st column page 90 of the Gazette,] "that the peculiar form of Saturn is owing in part to the action of the ring on the equatorial parts, was inadvertently adopted from Brewster's edition of Furguson's Astronomy. It is incorrect, for it manifestly follows from the 70th prop. Book 1. Principia, that the ring can exert no action whatever, on the planet; the contrary forces destroying each other.

I have lately, in studying the phenomenon of the Magellanic clouds, devoted much attention to the investigation of the operations of refraction; and find that my views of it, adverted to in Mr. Matthews' lecture, are further confirmed, by my finding proof, that the Magellanic clouds are terrestrial objects seen in the sky by observers, situated on the southern hemisphere, whilst the objects are in reality, far below the plane of the observer's geometrical horizon. The rays producing the observer's vision being bent, whilst he presumes them to be straight; hence, the objects appear to him, to be in the direction from whence the last section of the rays reach his eye. In this manner Capt. Scoresby saw, and knew, his fathership whilst it was yet behind the oceanic horizon. JOHN CLEVES SYMMES.

POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

LINES

ON SPRING.

The following lines, written some years since, by a young lady of Cincinnati, are communicated, without her knowledge, for the Literary Gazette.

Now Spring once more bedecks the plain;
The shrubs their verdant hues regain:
The daffodil, of yellow stain,
Our garden brings to view:—
In vivid colors bright array'd,
The gaudy tulip stands display'd;
The woodbine climbs the bower to shade,
And shield from evening dew.

The bluebell droops its pensive head,
The violet forms a purple bed,
That softly tempts your foot to tread—
Or woos you to recline:
The hyacinth, of odour sweet,
Whose varying hues our senses greet,
The peach tree, spread in bloom complete,—
All breathe a hand divine!

The tender grass reviving too,
Sparkling with gems of limpid dew,
Creates delight, unfelt by few
Whose souls refinement know:—
For while the daisy springs beneath,
And flowers bedeck the verdant heath—
O! who would fly the vernal wreath
To glide o'er winter's snow!

The sweet musicians of the wild,
(How dear to nature's rustic child!)
Whose songs have many an hour beguill'd,
And echoed through the grove:—
Again we see them light and gay,
Hopping with joy from spray to spray,—
While quivering notes harmonious play
Whose every tone is love.

When we, with contemplative eye,
Behold the scenes that round us lie,—
Our thoughts involuntary, fly
To Him who gave them all:
Who made the fields for man to till,
And form'd all nature to fulfil
The measure of his heavenly will,—
Alike from great to small.

Then be to Him the homage given,
Due to the Lord of earth and heaven,
While Life is in its spring:
Let every heart those flowers unfold
That spring from Heaven's ethereal mould—
Ere age obtrudes with bosom cold,
Or Death inflicts his sting!

JULIA.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

LOVE'S FETTERS.

Oh, 'tis said that Love's fetters of roses are made,
By beauty ingeniously wove;
And so bright are the flowers they never will fade,
As unchangeable still as true love.

And light are the fetters which young love does
bind,
And all pleasant when peacefully worn;
But when striving their bondage to break, then we
find
That inwoven with them is the thorn.

Yet so softly the cunning God fastens his chain,
That we know not when tight we are bound;
And we think that our freedom recover'd again,
Compensates us not for the wound.
Thus a slave to the tyrant, proud man still re-
mains,
Never strives, nor e'en thinks to be free,
And thus o'er us all, unresisted Love reigns,
Still directing the heart's destiny.

G.

SELECTED.

THE INDIAN WARRIOR.

Tread light on the turf which yon dark wood en-
closes:
Where, o'er the blue waters, the wild willows
wave;
For there, pale and breathless, a warrior reposes,
The pride of his nation—the dread of the brave:
Ye spirits! who high on the red clouds are lying,
When the battle roars loud, and the death-shafts
are flying,
Say—where was your power, when the Chieftain
was dying?
When bleeding and cold, he was laid in his
grave?

At morn, from the mountain the hunter descend-
ing,
Trode alone the wood path in pursuit of the deer;
Unconscious that woe o'er his head was impend-
ing,
He thought not of danger, nor harbor'd a fear.
Afar thro' the low winding vale had he bounded
Ere night's sable robe the horizon surrounded,
When sudden, a shout thro' the forest resounded,
And peal'd like the loud note of War on his ear!

He listen'd—it ceas'd, and he stood, boldly daring,
When again rang the wood with the same dead-
ly yell:
The Warrior his bow for defence was preparing;
As an arrow unseen pierc'd his breast, and he
fell;
For conceal'd in the gloom which the night was
bestowing
On the glade where the lake's rolling waters were
flowing:
A traitor, revenge in whose bosom was glowing,
Had directed an arrow, too faithful and well.

Ah! how sad was that hour, when his life-blood
was starting!
And his pale, ghastly visage was crimson'd with
gore!
How glar'd his dim eye, when his breath was de-
parting,
And a deep groan declared that the last pang
was o'er!

Around him the dark dews of midnight were fall-
ing,
The grim, prowling wolves their companions were
calling,
And their loud, moaning outcry, so wild and ap-
palling,
Was the death-song which told that the Chief
was no more.

Ah! long shall the maids of his country be mourn-
ing,
And many a tear for the warrior shall flow;
For never again shall they see him returning
From the chase of the deer, or the death of the
foe.
Around the lone grave where his bones are decay-
ing,
Green flowrets are blooming—mild breezes are play-
ing,
And sounds of dread import—the wanderer dis-
maying!
Are heard on the spot, where the valiant lies
low!

LINES,

Addressed to a young Lady.

Where thorny ramparts seem to chide
The hand that steals the flow'ry wreath,
I've seen thee thrust the thorn aside,
And pluck the flower that blushed beneath.

And thus Eliza, as the wheel
Of life leads on the changing hour,
Remember still the sweets to steal,
Elude the thorn to pluck the flower.

When Fortune shows her dubious sky
The East may smile the West may lower;
Still to the brighter turn thine eye,
Elude the thorn to pluck the flower.

In mercy to its child below,
If Heaven the cup of comfort sour,
The lesson learn but check the woe—
Elude the thorn, but pluck the flower.

But shun, ah, shun the sweets that grow,
Where pleasure paints her poisoned bowers,
Dark are those streams which gently flow,
And rude the thorns which guard her flowers.

And seek thy sweets on holier ground,
And where Religion's altars rise,
Her's are the thorns which never wound,
And her's the Flower which never dies.

FRAGMENT.

All are not just because they do not wrong,
But he who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just. I praise not them,
Who, in their petty dealings pilfer not:
But him, whose conscience spurns a secret fraud,
When he might plunder and defy surprise;
His be the praise, who, looking down with scorn
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own dear heart and boldly dares
To be, not to be thought, an honest Man.